

hands and wondered if they would never get round to two. With the first moment of her freedom she hurried into her wraps, and she tingled with excitement as she boarded a down-town car. Once in the great post-office building, her courage almost failed her, and she found herself nervously tugging at her veil as she took her place in the line waiting outside the window labeled "Unclaimed Letters for Women."

She wondered what the clerk thought of her, and her voice was almost inaudible when in response to the brusque "What name?" she managed to answer: "Heckscher—Miss Mary Heckscher."

An instant later the letter was in her hand. She turned the big square envelop over with trembling fingers—yes, it was certainly hers: "Miss Mary Heckscher, General Delivery, Philadelphia." It was not such a common name; but who—All the way home in the car she wondered, yet could not bring herself to break the seal, until she had reached her own room and was safely locked within its four walls. Then she tore the envelop across, drew out the folded sheet and read:

MY DEAR MISS HECKSCHER—I do not know whether you are still Miss Heckscher. I am still more in doubt as to whether this letter will ever reach you; but it is permitted to a man to do foolish things in this life, and I am taking advantage of my privilege. More than ten years ago I bade you good-by in the apple orchard at your old home in Chesterfield and went away happy in the thought that I had your permission to write the question which I could not find the courage to speak when with you. Two days later I mailed the letter at the post-office in Mercer and sat myself to wait my answer. It never came. The years went by, and I decided that I had mistaken your feeling. I came to the conclusion that hating to give me pain you had thought it was best not to write at all. I was busy, absorbed in other things. I will be frank and confess there were times when I forgot; though never for long, and no other woman came to take your place in my life.

About two weeks ago some repairs were being made on the post-office at Mercer, and several letters were discovered lodged in the crack of a board at the back of the letter-box on the outside of the building. To cut a long story short, one of them was my letter to you, and since my name was written on the upper corner of the envelop it was returned to me. As soon as I could manage it I made a trip to Chesterfield, only to find that you had been gone from there for ten years, and the only information I could get as to your whereabouts was that you were, or had been at some not distant time, teaching in a school in Philadelphia. Just what step I would have taken next is hard to tell; but that night I had a curious dream. I thought that you came to me looking much as you looked when I knew you, only a little more tired and sad. I thought you put out your hands and asked me for your letter, and then you turned away, oh, so reproachfully!

On the strength of that dream I am writing to you to-day. As I said in the beginning of this letter, I may be a fool; but for the sake of the possibilities that may come I am willing to risk that. If this ever reaches you—if you are still free, if you are willing to let me come and try to win what I asked for long ago, then send me only one line, and I will come to you wherever you may be.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN WINSTON.

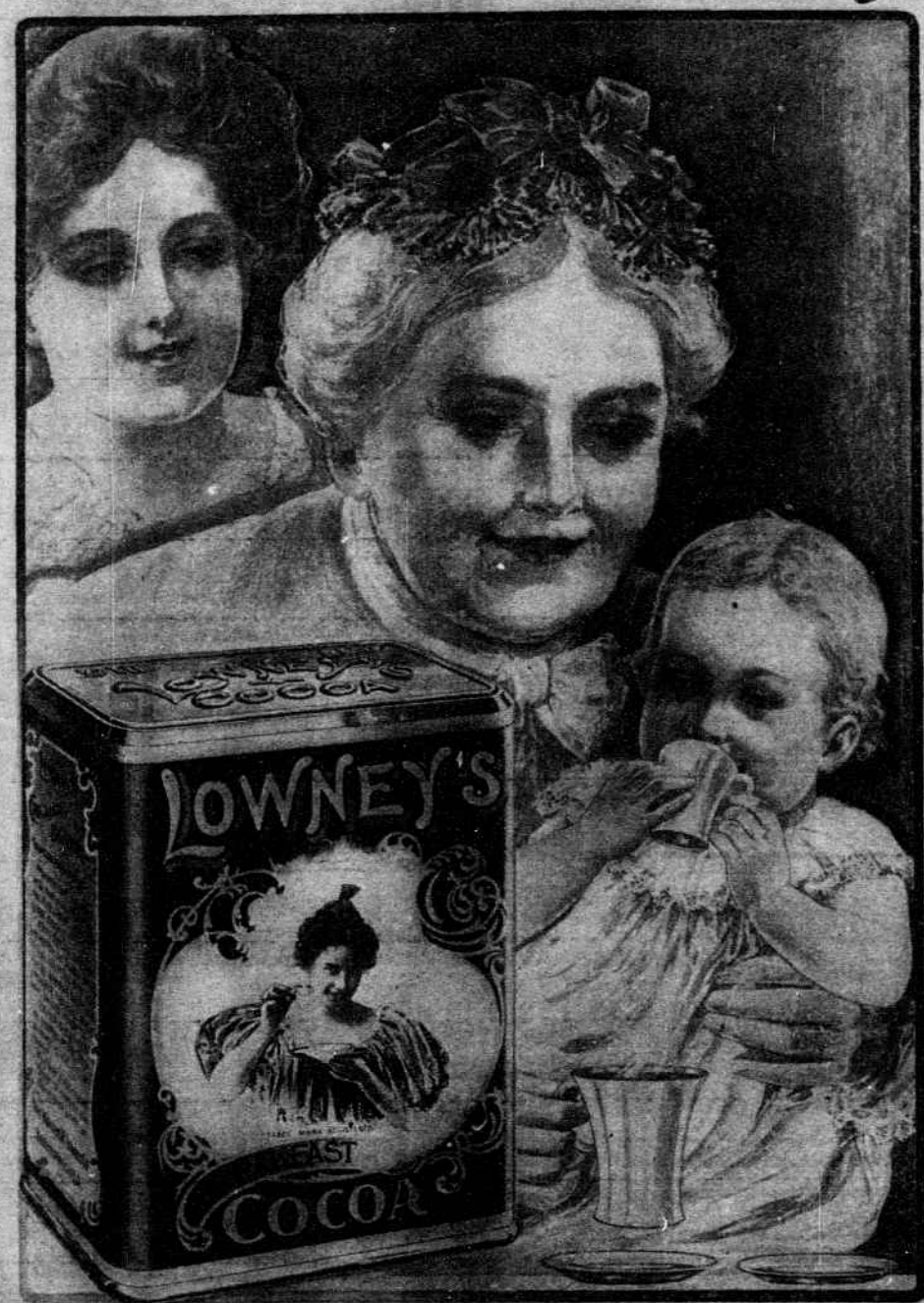
The last words swam mistily before Miss Heckscher's eyes, and then as she turned once more to the opening page, there was a soft hurried rapping at the door.

"It is me—Emily and I'll only keep you a minute." The voice was a mingling of laughter and tears, and Miss Heckscher groped her way blindly across the room to open the door.

"I only wanted to tell you," Emily stood before her, her arms full of flowers, "it's all right—madam is the whole thing. These were here when I came in this afternoon, and he 'phoned to say he'd be up to-night. It's a pretty good sort of a valentine isn't it?"

"I think it is, Emily." The name slipped out unconsciously, and Miss Heckscher, bending forward, kissed the girl impulsively on the forehead. "I am so glad you are happy, and I think I can sympathize better to-day than ever before, because," she laughed a little unsteadily—"because I had a valentine myself."

The Perfect Food Beverage



LOWNEY'S COCOA is an American triumph in culinary products. The MOST DELICIOUS and BEST made ANYWHERE or at ANY PRICE. THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., Boston, Mass. Makers of Chocolate Bonbons and Chocolate Manufactures.

WRITERS DO YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY IN SELLING YOUR WORK? ARTISTS

WE SELL STORIES, POEMS, ILLUSTRATIONS, JOKES, PHOTOS, DESIGNS, ETC., ON COMMISSION. We make no charge for instruction or criticism and pay promptly for salable matter. Send four cents in postage, mentioning in what line you are interested, and we will send you our booklet "Cash Returns." It tells how we can effect quick sales and get better prices for you.

THE BURELL SYNDICATE, 753 GRAMERCY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

\$8,000 TO \$10,000
Yearly.



This is not a large profit for owners of Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. We make the finest appearing and easiest running Merry-Go-Rounds manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no mechanical knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.,

Park Amusement Outfitters

173 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N.Y., U.S.A.

LEARN DRESSMAKING

AT HOME BY MAIL.
Fine Catalogue and Dressmakers Bulletin **FREE**
Learn to Cut, Fit, Drape, Trim and Make any Garment.
CUT AND FIT BY MEASURE
No Charts or Patterns Used
No tools but a tape-line and yard-stick. Learn everything a dress-maker needs to know. Save money by learning to make your own clothing. Follow our instructions and fill positions at **\$15 to \$50 per Week**
Learn at your leisure. No interfering with your regular work. No previous experience necessary.
Hmo Lavina
Chief Instructor. Write today for Free Catalogue, Etc.
COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
459 Marquardt Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

BY EXPRESS
PREPAID \$2.50

You Can Buy or Sell

If you want an up-to-date, made-to-measure suit, overcoat, or pair of trousers, at half what your local tailor would charge, send at once for our free samples, tape-line and instructions. If you want to

MAKE MONEY EASILY

let us appoint you a selling agent. We want one wide-awake man in every town. No capital required! Experience unnecessary! You can do the work in your spare time! A complete working outfit, containing full instructions and every-

thing necessary to get you started, **FREE ON REQUEST.** We also send at the same time our interesting booklet "Money for You." Remember, with us you can either "make money easily" or "spend money to your advantage."

PROGRESS TAILORING CO.

197C MARKET STREET, CHICAGO



X-RAY Stove Polish
Is Guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. X-Ray gives a quick, brilliant lustre and **DOES NOT BURN OFF.**
FREE Sample sent if you address Dept. S. LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Agts., 78 Hudson St., New York.
TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
Machines & Mr's Prices. Rented Anywhere. Rent applied. Write for Catalog 9. Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St. Chicago

SULTAN OF SULU

Continued from page 4

the entire Moro people hope that you will remain with us always." Miss Roosevelt accepted the saddle with thanks. She could not well accept the perpetual hospitality offered and made no reference to it.

This would have ended the incident, but for the jealousy existing between the Sultan and a young and wealthy Moro who burned to be included as well in the historical picture. He stepped forward, whispered a word to the interpreter and thrust into his hand a small parcel in white paper. The interpreter unwrapped it and disclosed three handsome pearls, one large and the other two of medium size. These were offered on behalf of the young Moro to Miss Roosevelt, who after glancing toward Secretary Taft smilingly accepted them.

His Majesty was furious. He tugged at his incipient mustache, too faint to appear in the photograph, and otherwise manifested his displeasure. Then he slipped from his finger his choicest possession, a heavy gold ring set with an enormous pearl, and offered it directly to Miss Roosevelt. Somewhat embarrassed, but again instructed to accept, she took the ring, bowed her thanks, and the incident was closed. It was merely a declaration of courtesy and cordiality, and but for the interference of his rival His Majesty would have been as gratified as were the other parties concerned.

This rival, who is a Moro Chief, is actually much more powerful than the Sultan in all temporal affairs. The influence of the Sultan in the Sulu group is, politically speaking, small. He could not stop any revolt or local war; but, as has been said, he could originate a rising compared to which any local troubles would be trifling. He is the spiritual head of a million Mohammedans, and in this respect his sway is undisputed. This is why we are paying him thirteen thousand pesos (\$6,500) a year to be good, and this is why his cordiality was of interest and importance.

All the preceding Sultans of Sulu, his ancestors, have been handled by the Spanish with great delicacy and consideration. They understood the potential danger. The Spaniards first landed on Jolo in 1603. At intervals during the next two centuries and a half they had many bloody battles with the Sulus, but never succeeded in conquering them permanently and never obtained a permanent foothold on Jolo until the middle of the nineteenth century. A Sultan of Sulu was invited by them to visit Manila in 1753-54 and was received with the highest honors, being toasted and made much of by Governor-General and Archbishop, in connection with his professing the Christian faith and receiving baptism in the Roman Catholic Church. Once back in Jolo, however, His Majesty promptly recanted and the Spaniards learned that he had been shamming, his visit being part of an elaborate plot to capture Spanish and Filipino slaves.

A treaty was made with the then Sultan of Sulu by the Spaniards in 1854 which recognized the independent status of that ruler and his successors. In a somewhat qualified way this independence was recognized in a later treaty, which remained in force till the end of Spanish sovereignty in the archipelago. To some extent the treaty made with him by General Bates in 1899, on behalf of our Government, followed the old Spanish lines. But the Bates treaty has been abrogated by the present Government of the Philippines, which claimed failure on the part of the Sultan to maintain in the Sulu Islands the effective control of piracy and illicit trading, which he had bound himself to maintain in return for the sums of money paid to him and his household four times a year. As a matter of fact, the supposition upon which the treaty was based, that the Sultan really had control over the people of his islands, was erroneous. Many of the "dattos" do not recognize his authority at all, and would fall to fighting at once if an attempt was made to enforce it.